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THE DISPATCH
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Richmond Times-Dispatch

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consequent heavy railroad traffic to press the railroads for higher wages than they can afford to pay, in justice to their stockholders, is hard to determine at this time. But it is a subject in which the public is vitally interested, and which the public has every reason to hope, if not to expect, will be settled either by further conference or by arbitration.

Among owners, as among workers, the various brotherhoods of railroad employees have the reputation of being intelligently and fairly administered organizations. If they agree to arbitrate their differences, as suggested by the railroads, that reputation will be further enhanced.

The New Jersey Department of the G. A. R. adopted a resolution on Saturday looking to a boom for the national anthem. At the same meeting they asked Congress to increase certain pensions. To some minds, patriotism and pensions are interdependent.

Sympathy for Virginia's Officers
OUR sympathy goes out to those in official station throughout the Commonwealth of Virginia, who hereafter will be required, on pain of losing their jobs, to see to it that every criminal statute is obeyed and, executed to the letter. They are likely to be made quite as unhappy as most of those they prosecute.

Richmond will have to-day its first experience for a long time with strict enforcement of the laws prohibiting labor on the Sabbath, "except in household or other work of necessity or charity." Mayor Ainslie and the police under his direction have announced a purpose not to be unreasonable, but to permit those engaged in callings which fairly may be considered necessary to the public weal to discharge their accustomed duties, leaving to the courts the final decision of the applicability of the law in each test case.

This course will be followed as to the newspapers with Sunday and Monday morning editions, street railway and taxicab companies, telegraph and telephone companies, dairies, ice dealers and the like. Persons in lines of business obviously not necessary to public instruction, happiness or health will fare even less well.

It remains to be seen how public sentiment here in Richmond will back the strict enforcement of this law. This is one of the best-behaved cities in the country, not only on Sunday, but on each other day of the week. Its quiet and orderly Sabbaths attract the attention of every visitor and of every new resident. It is in no need of a crusade to make it so good, unless the degree of goodness thought to be desirable is far higher than poor, faulty humanity anywhere else approaches.

If the Mayor and police undertake to enforce every law now on the statute books, without discrimination, they face more trouble than is involved in the attempt to enforce the Sunday observance law. For example, one enactment of the last General Assembly, which went into effect yesterday, makes it a crime to play cards or any other game of chance for any money stakes, however small. Those persons who hereafter play penny-ante poker or auction bridge for a tenth of a cent a point, automatically become criminals. It is the duty of the police to arrest them and of the courts to fine them or send them to jail, and if policeman or judge fail in this duty, the outer law, unless it also refuse to function, will separate him from his official position.

Raffles for a box of candy, or a Navajo blanket, or a doll with illuminated eyes are highly criminal. Gentlemen who are accustomed to decorate their conversation with fervid parts of speech are candidates for the calaboose. Mesmerists and hypnotists, and those who consent to be mesmerized or hypnotized, save by regularly practicing physicians, may spend a year in jail.

There is plenty of trouble ahead for the officers of the law, of which the enforcement of strict Sunday observance is only a part.

District Attorney Swann, of New York, is having difficulty in finding a judge to try the wire-tapping cases. What's the matter? Have they been listening-in on the judges, too?

Volhynia and Verdun
MOST impressive of all the incidents of the Russian drive in Volhynia and Galicia are the number of prisoners and the amount of booty captured. Especially is the tremendous loss in unwounded soldiers a blow to Austro-German hopes. Over 150,000 officers and men already have been taken, and the end is not yet.

Austria, largely occupied with its offensive on the Italian front, will find it difficult to make good these lost effectiveness. Germany, smashing away at Verdun and highly apprehensive of a sustained British assault farther north, is in only slightly better case. In all probability the Kaiser will make a final effort to crush through the defenses of the French fortress on the Meuse, and if this fail turn attention to the eastern front.

If the German effort at Verdun can be protracted and if France be content to wait until German howitzers shatter the Verdun forts and the city itself, it is clear the stronghold will not be saved. There never was in thoughtful minds, we suppose, any belief that Verdun could be protected ultimately by any other device than counterattacks. There is not a trench on either side of the western front that cannot be taken by the enemy whenever he desires to pay the cost in ammunition and human life. The reason such attempts are not more frequently made is because both belligerents know that behind every trench are other trenches, and still others, stretching out for miles. Verdun, because of its fortifications and its natural adaptation to defense, is stronger than almost any other place in the Anglo-French line; but it can be taken, and will be, if the French sit still.

Will they do so, while the German lines creep nearer and nearer? We do not think so. Joffre will take the offensive. The big German guns that smash fortifications are not fitted to repel infantry attacks. It is the way of Joffre to permit the enemy to wear itself out before he makes his own move. That is what he seems to be doing at Verdun.

Great Britain promises to be quicker in searching the business letters of American business men. If celerity were a recommendation in such matters, certain nimble-fingered gentry would occupy a higher place in public esteem.

Traveling men who "make" Richmond are asking to be informed how blue Sunday is going to differ from any other Sunday.

We have heard some choir singers who ought to be arrested, no matter what day they sing.

SEEN ON THE SIDE

Miraculous!

Wonders sure will never cease;
Facts support the epigram;
Colonel Roosevelt holds his peace,
Keeps as silent as a clam.

Says he's out of politics.
"Private citizen" again;
Fast to this flat statement sticks,
Fools Republicans again.

Doesn't say a word for Hughes.
Opens not his mouth in praise,
Misses chances to abuse
President in many ways.

Lets Bull Moosers slide along,
Lets them do just as they will,
Raises not his voice in song,
Makes the whole darned party ill.

Wonders sure will never cease;
Facts support the epigram;
Colonel Roosevelt holds his peace,
Keeps as silent as a clam.

The Peasantist Says:

Bill Bryan is what I call a politician. He has just shown how it is possible to ride in two vehicles—the water wagon and the band wagon—at the same time.

Shakespeare Day by Day.

For the fond lover:
"Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow."
—Romeo and Juliet, I, 2.

For the careless:
"But men are men; the best sometimes forget"—Othello, II, 3.

For the disillusioned:
"Meet it I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain."
—Hamlet, I, 5.

For the disconsolate:
"Only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty."—As You Like It, I, 1.

For the cynical:
"The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil."
—The Merchant of Venice, III, 2.

According to the Office Philosopher.

It has just dawned on me why Governor Major, of Missouri, sprang his candidacy for the Democratic vice-presidential nomination. He wanted to start something in the convention so that the delegates would be held long enough in St. Louis to permit that city to cash in on its contribution to the Democratic campaign fund.

Unmarried.

She—is that singer gifted with the artistic temperament?
He—Not a bit of it. He is a perfectly sensible person.

Somewhat Selfish.

Grubbs—Did that lawyer give you the advice you sought?
Stubbs—Not exactly. He advised me to go out and collect the amount of his retainer, before I ventured to bother a busy man with my troubles.

Congressional Preferences.

Favorite coat—Prince Albert.
Favorite hat—slouch.
Favorite writer—United States Treasurer.
Favorite music—"Hail! Hail! the Gang's All Here."

Favorite vehicle—band wagon.
Favorite meat—pork.
Favorite dessert—pie.

According to Natural Law.
"Just look at Miss Sweetthing surrounded by most of the men in the room. Isn't she wonderfully attractive?"
"Indeed she is," responded Miss Byttinge. "She is like the center of gravity, in that she weighs nothing in herself and yet attracts everything to her."

Differing Views.
"Do you regard matrimony as an act of expediency?" inquired the soulful youth.
"Not exactly," replied the cynical bachelor. "To my mind, it is more like an act of desperation."

To-Day's Best Hand-Picked Joke.
Little Louis was a smart boy and very anxious to forge ahead in the world. He got a job in the local bank. A wealthy uncle met him in the street one morning and said:
"Well, Louis, how are you getting on in business? I suppose the first thing we know you will be president of the bank?"
"Yes, uncle," replied the boy. "I'm getting along fine. I'm draft clerk already."
"What?" exclaimed the uncle. "Draft clerk? Why, that's very surprising, but very good."
"Yes, uncle," replied the lad. "I open and shut the windows according to order and close the doors when people leave them open."—Youth's Companion.

Odious Comparisons.
I do not care for Susan Binks,
Who never cracks a smile;
But I like less young Gladys Binks,
Who giggles all the while.

Chats With Virginia Editors

"How long," asks the Philadelphia Evening Ledger, "should a girl of eighteen wear her skirts?"
"Certainly," we should say, "as long as she is not in the privacy of her home."—Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.

The Newport News Times-Herald puts it this way: "Peace, preparedness and prosperity" is the slogan of the Democrats. Why not add quiet and quality, and so put the Democracy on its p's and q's?

"I, your supreme war lord," said the Kaiser in a speech to the sailors of the German fleet. "I would certainly be a big shock to the people who write the platforms if these things they promised should ever be done."

"In these days of loud-mouthed declamations for and against preparedness," says the Tazewell Republican, "we are reminded that the pen is mightier than the sword." And often that, otherwise, as harmless as the late Colonel Mosby believed the cavalryman's saber to be!

Here is the latest from the Halifax Gazette: "Great Scott! It's getting hot! I'll tell you what, we'd better plot. The flies to swat!"

"The advice is no doubt good," says the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot, "but it is a rare marvel of the human species who is wide enough to profit by the experience of others. Our guess is that 'son' will insist upon finding out for himself just how 'hot' it is probably 'it.' And that is truly the better way."

The Urbana Sentinel says: "It is said that the price of gasoline will drop soon, but we haven't heard a sound about paper being lower. All paper companies urge saving of 'waste paper.' Yet the freight rates are so high here that it takes all the profit to ship it. The last waste paper we shipped, we went in the hole."

13 cents on the lot. What's needed is a "T.R." ship it into Richmond. Richmond is coming to the help of this distressed brother!

Under the headline, "Caught on the Fly," the esteemed Virginia Citizen chronicles that a barn in the neighborhood was struck by lightning and that one of the owners of the latter had taken out a marriage license. "Newport News Press. What better headline could those items go under?"

The Radford Record is musically inclined. It says: "The Radford Record is not. It ought to be. Some years ago Radford had a good band. Why that band has disbanded we do not know, but it beats the band why the band of co-operation and a general banding together cannot be consummated."

Good news comes from slow old Louisa County. The Louisa Virginian says: "It is gratifying to see how much the people of the county are interested in the progress of the county. The sentiments which are being expressed through the columns of the paper will crystallize, it is hoped, into some really constructive road work."

The Voice of the People

Spirit of Spin in Sunday Laws.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir—The Sunday law is unconstitutional and out of harmony with the purpose and traditions of America and Virginia. The very foundation and corner-stone of our government was built on religious freedom. Any national, State or local law compelling any citizen to observe a day of rest or observance outrages the spirit of independence and violates the spirit of religious freedom. This is a Christian country or a freedom. This is a glorious land of freedom, where all nations and all religions come to mix and mingle, to learn and grow. It is the melting pot of the world, from whose boiling depths the finest products rise. There is a spark of fire in each consciousness which is called religion. No man or nation or America or Virginia has the right to molest this spark unless it flares to such an extent that it is harmful to another's safety and freedom. That is exactly what has happened to Christianity in Virginia. It is the spirit of Spain and Russia come to dwell with us in the land of the free. It stands on church steeples and shrieks into the distance, "Even if I cannot make you think as I think, you must do as I do!"
Richmond, June 15.
SUNDAY SUFFERER.

Opposes Sunday-Observance Laws.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir—As a citizen, I am not to be enforced or repealed. We do not object to the enforcement of any of the restrictive Sunday laws nearly as much as we do that such laws exist. Objectionable laws, if enforced, will be repealed. The laws against Sabbath-breaking people should be repealed. It is incredible that in this country of liberty-loving people, in the twentieth century, there should be men and women laying claim to actual and legal sanity who would seriously propose abridgment of the liberty of man on Sunday in the name of pleasures and comforts of life. They speak of the holy day as if one day were more so than another. It is our opinion that the person who imagines that one day is more sacred than another is a vulgar and immoral being. They would say, go to church Sunday morning, if you have to be disagreeable to your wife and children, and then get drunk on Monday; but go to church all days, all times, all seasons are alike sacred. Every day you help somebody is a holy day, and the best day in a person's life is the day he renders the best service to humanity. The most sacred days are those in which came the greatest feats of human labor, the greatest inventions, and the greatest thoughts of genius to help alleviate the poor conditions of the race. The days when scattered nations became tribes, the days when peace treaties are signed and kept, the days when the shackles were removed from the hands and feet of slavery, the days when there were placed on the brow of labor honor and a right to demand an equal chance in the world of endeavor—these are the sacred days; these are the holy days. A space of time cannot be sacred any more than a vacuum can be sacred. Time or space can only be holy when some sacred deed is performed within it, to make it holy. The only way that we can value the preachers expect to fill their churches by shutting down other places? They should not. They can only increase their congregations by improving their sermons.
FRANKLIN,
Richmond, June 14.

Queries and Answers

Ivy Poisoning.

Mrs. W. B.—As a preventive of ivy poisoning, try oiling the parts of the body exposed to the ivy. As a treatment, try bathing the affected part with strong alcohol.

Roaches in the House.

J. H.—A reader writes that she has found the following formula to exterminate roaches and other bugs: "Take granulated sugar and borax, equal parts. Triturate to a fine powder and scatter it lightly about the floor."

Sinn Fein.

D. J.—(a) Sinn Fein is an organization in Ireland founded about 1902. Under the guidance of Arthur Griffith, a young man of Dublin, they elected a National Council and formed themselves into a party known as the "Sinn Fein party." (b) Sinn Fein is Gaelic, for "ourselves alone." The doctrine of the party is that the salvation of a nation is to be found in the people and upon the soil of that nation and it holds that "God helps those who help themselves." It asks Ireland to cultivate, what for a long time it neglected, self-reliance, and aims at regenerating the Irish nation, not merely politically, but also intellectually, industrially, educationally and socially. (c) The word "Sinn Fein" is pronounced as if it were spelled "Sin Fan," the "F" in the first word as in "fin" and the "n" in the second word as in "fame."

"It's a Long Time Between Drinks."

J. R. D.—The story goes that, nearly a century ago, in the days of rum and toddy, the Governor of the two States of North Carolina, once over a North Carolina politician who had settled in South Carolina, committed a crime and was sent back over the border to his old home. The Governor of South Carolina issued a requisition on the Governor of North Carolina for the return of the fugitive, but in the meantime the politician had been elected Governor of North Carolina and he refused to honor the requisition. The Governor of the Palmetto State, with a few friends, went to Raleigh for a conference with Governor of North Carolina. The visitors were entertained with a good dinner at the Raleigh hotel, and after a few simple liquid refreshments had been served, the Governor of South Carolina stated the object of his visit and demanded the surrender of the fugitive. The politician followed a house of cards, which culminated in the statement by the Governor of South Carolina that the dignity of the State had been affronted, and that he would there was immediate surrender of the prisoner he should return to his capital, call out the militia, return with his army and take the fugitive by force of arms. He concluded with the direct question: "Governor, what did you say?" At this crisis the Governor of North Carolina rose slowly and beckoned to a servant to bring him a glass of water. He took a long drink and said: "You say you want the Governor of North Carolina, I say, Governor," was the simple reply. The unexpected reply eased the situation; there was an immediate circulation of glasses and the conference was adjourned. It was made to the object of the conference, it was cut short by the remark that it was "a long time between drinks." In due course the Governor of South Carolina made ready to depart, escorted to the State line in the friendliest manner possible, and there the vexatious matter was dropped, never to be revived.

Current Editorial Comment

Air Nitrates
Fertilizer.

There has, strange to say, been some talk in Washington of an air nitrate plant which would go far further than meeting the roving demand for nitrates. It is impossible to understand upon what theory it is proposed to stop at that point. If the theory that the government should engage in or direct the enterprise only to the extent of securing its own powder supply, then it may be answered that the manufacture of air nitrates for fertilizer purposes is left wholly to private interests and without the smallest degree of government regulation, a primary and most important object of all—helping the farmer—has been entirely lost sight of. The two propositions, powder and fertilizer, must in this instance go hand in hand. And it is folly just to build the most important part of the government's administrative machinery so to separate the two that the fertilizer industry is left to the mercy of private interests. The Democratic administration has this matter now in its hands, and it is its duty to see that it cannot afford to ignore the splendid opportunity to save the farmer and the consumers of this country \$37,500,000 every year.—Atlanta Constitution.

Carrying the Banner

One of the Day's Best Cartoons.



—From the New York World.

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